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"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN  
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PUCK  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

WHAT'S THE use of making such a fuss because a doctor is placed in command of a hospital ship? Isn't a doctor—Dr. Leonard Wood—some day to command the entire United States Army? The Navy got off easy. A Doctor *might* be in command of the fleet.

EDITOR HARDEN of Berlin appears to be a victim of the German "System." They put him in jail for fear he might bring on a "panic."

JUST WHAT do the critics of Mr. Taft mean by the phrase "Speak for yourself"? Do they mean that he should overlook opportunities to defend his chief against the attacks of writhing graft? Mr. Roosevelt is honest, highminded and sincere: is it desired that Mr. Taft should speak for dishonesty, low-mindedness and insincerity? Mr. Taft strikes us as a clean, wholesome person, straightforward and manly, with courage sufficient to speak for himself when the occasion requires. Nothing since his candidacy was announced has become him better than his loyalty to his friend and chief. The ink employed in criticising him is, for the most part, the sort of ink ejected by the squid.

"THE FAIR-MINDED man is between the fires of Bourbon resistance to all progress, on the one hand, and of destroying wrath on the other hand. I have no patience with either of these extreme forces."  
—Senator Beveridge.

Stop the wheels of progress! — Beveridge has no patience with them. Put on the soft pedal of "conservatism"! — the Grand Young Man of Hoosierdom wants to sleep.

THE TAFT BOOM does not appear to be setting any rivers afire, but it is doing as well as any other boom. It is a bad time for mere politicians, and even the decriers of our present executive would find it impossible to warm up over a Foraker or a Cannon. Say what you will about Teddy, he has spoiled our taste for the safe-and-sane, boss-controlled type of President.

GOVERNOR HUGHES will meet with husky opposition when he tries to get Albany to abolish race-track gambling. The Governor, it seems to us, should approach this matter gradually. Conservative men like Senators Grady and McCarren will never consent to so radical a step, if it be taken all at once, but there is a possibility that they would support the Governor if, for instance, he proposed to raise race-track gambling to the level of Wall Street gambling. At present, to place a bet at the track, you must have money, *real* money, the full amount that you wish to wager. On the other hand, when you bet on a stock in Wall Street, your bet will be accepted by the broker if you put up in cash only ten per cent. of it. The broker is kinder than the bookmaker, custom permits him to be more accommodating. By extending such accommodation to the various race-tracks of the state, Governor Hughes would not only make it easier for young men of small means to make large bets but he would put the bookmaker upon the same plane of respectability as the stock broker. Besides, he would thus make the betting ring as legitimate an institution as "the street." The way to abolish gambling is to change the name of it. Let the day come soon when betting is barred and a man may "invest" in a 10 to 1 shot.

THE ESTEEMED *World* has begun a crusade against Wall Street gambling. The crusade has our hearty approval. May it be spared the frightful fate which overtook the *World's* crusade for a Nassau Street Arcade.

FRANCE ISN'T made up wholly of Boni Castellanes, nor is America made up of Harry Thaws. Paris is Paris and Pittsburg is Pittsburg.

WE CELEBRATE the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, and it is conceivable that some day we may observe Roosevelt's natal day as a legal holiday. Meanwhile how would it do to make October 27 a bank holiday?



THE CAT COMES BACK.





PIPE DREAMS.



### THE KNOCKER'S BALLADE.

'VE a sort of a strong intuition  
That love is a silly sensation;  
Religion's a sheer superstition,  
And honor is mere reputation.  
The law is a cheating vocation,  
And preaching is bad elocution—  
In fact, the American nation  
Is a much overpraised institution!

To rule is a brutal ambition,	We slave at a master's volition,
To serve is a worse degradation,	And refer to our shame as our "station."
We work for a fool's recognition,	We sin, and our coward contrition
We spend for a dolt's approbation,	Produces weak-minded elation.
Society's organization	Our prayers are a heathen's prostration;
Is foul with the blackest pollution—	Our alms an enforced contribution—
And even the plan of salvation	And the general scheme of creation
Is a much overpraised institution!	Is a much overpraised institution!

#### L'ENVOI

O knockers! In this execration,  
Supply we the one truth that *you* shun—  
The fact that your pet occupation  
Is a much overpraised institution!

E. M. Robinson.

### TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER.

THE publisher, a commercial fellow, was for economy.  
"Seems to me five columns a day ought to be enough for that murder trial," he whined.  
But the editor, a man of ideals, was sturdily for the better part.  
"Let justice be done," he cried, "though the price of print paper goes up!"

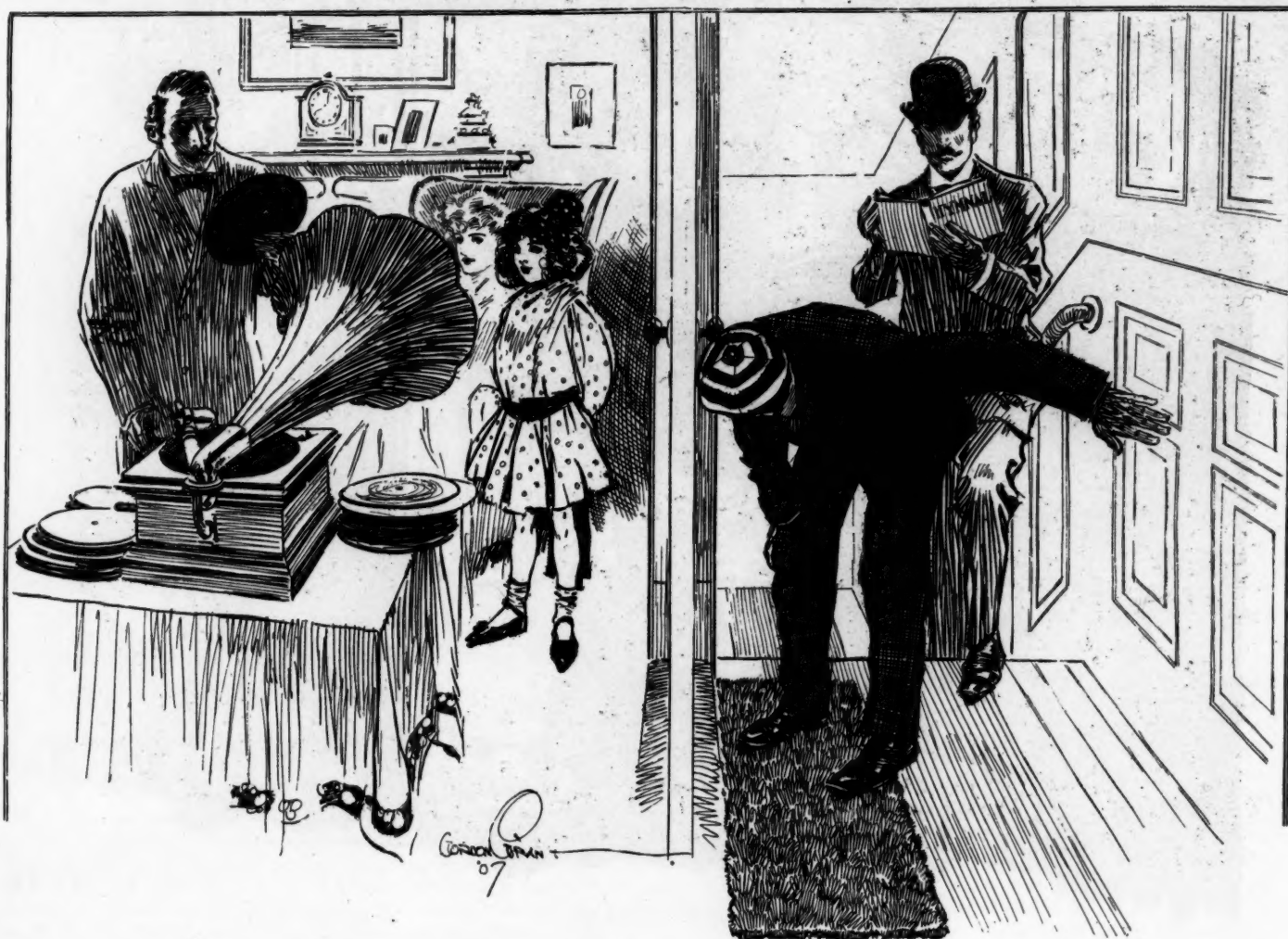


### WILLINGLY.

DAPPERLY (*who thinks he studies his fellow man*).—Pardon, sir, but would you mind telling me the cause of those unusually large callous spots on your right hand?

LABORER.—Why soitlnly not, boss. I jus' been down ter me Safe Deposit Vault, cuttin' coupons off me six per cent. bonds.

**T**wo heads are better than one; but when we come to "thirdly," argument grows monotonous.



THE INDIGO SUNDAY.

DETECTIVE (at the apartment keyhole).—Get on the job, Joe! If it ain't a hymn-tune, we'll pull the place!

#### MY FIRST APPEARANCE AS LETTIE.

(From "The Stage Experiences of an Actress."—Not yet published.)

HOSE who remember that stirring drama "The Secret Marriage" will recollect that the principal part in the play is that of the ladies'-maid Lettie. She does not appear until the fourth act and her part is not one of the longest but the entire effect of the play depends on the manner in which she delivers her lines "Madam, Mr. Winters has gone out,"—and this important and very trying rôle Mr. Bailey assigned to me.

It was a great tribute to my ability and you can guess how excited I was. For two weeks previous to the performance I ate literally nothing, spending my mornings in studying and restudying the part and my afternoons in visits to my dressmaker. How long the time seemed to the first dress-rehearsal when I was to reveal to my fellow-players and to Mr. Bailey my conception of the part! You may remember the situation—Mrs. Winters has rung the bell for Lettie who enters without speaking. Mrs. Winters then says: "Lettie, tell Mr. Winters that I wish to see him." Lettie exits—still without speaking—and a moment later returns and advancing toward the centre of the stage speaks the words already quoted: "Madam, Mr. Winters has gone out."

My readers who lack the technical training of the stage may need to be told that very much of the effect in delivering a line is produced by the stress or emphasis laid on particular words, or by pauses made between words to bring out more fully their meaning. (Ah, it all seems so simple to you in front! How little you know of the toil, the study, the sleepless nights, the anxious days that have been devoted to the attainment of that effect that seems to you "so natural!"

How I studied and planned and weighed and considered! My first thought was to deliver the lines thus: "Madam" (in a tone of ill-disguised disdain giving the audience to understand that my—that is, Lettie's—sympathies were entirely with Mr. Winters in the complications that followed the discovery of the fatal letter in the first act)—"Mr. Winters" (a heavy stress on the *Mr.*, as if contrasting his conduct from hers to the disadvantage of the latter)—"Has gone"—(a pause for additional emphasis)—"OUT!" (with a jerk of the thumb over my shoulder to add a little action and force to the scene.

This was my first conception. Further study convinced me that, though in the main correct, it must be modified in several ways. I reasoned thus:—Lettie has been absent not more than a minute. Mr. Winters' apartments are in all probability on the first if not on the second floor above the library where the scene is laid; to go there, discover his absence and return in this limited time, Lettie must have run both up and down the stairs, taking two, if not three, steps at a time. Having done this she must have returned badly out of breath—the more so as, being a parlor-maid, she is unaccustomed to exercise in any form. I therefore conceived her entering flushed and breathing hard and rapidly, holding her hand to her side, and delivering her news under the stress of exhaustion and excitement. This idea I kept strictly to myself



**B**lessed are the pure in heart, for nobody has considered them worth publishing a magazine exclusively for.





IF HORSES WERE DRIVEN LIKE AUTOMOBILES.

until the morning of the rehearsal—in fact, nobody questioned me on the subject.

The morning came. The company were plainly nervous and eagerly anticipating the critical moment. Mr. Bailey affected an interest in the earlier scenes and endeavored with but slight success to conceal his anxiety. The first, second and third acts dragged along, and then—then came the fourth act—the thrilling moment! Mrs. Winters had rung for *Lettie*; I had entered, received her bidding, retired and counted the seconds that must elapse before my return. Then came my cue—"Where can *Lettie* be?"—and my moment had come.

I ran on and gasped out my lines just as I had studied them (I was always "letter-perfect" at rehearsals) in a voice that, though not loud, could have been heard, I am sure, in the remotest corner of that vast and empty auditorium.

The effect on the company was marvelous. There was a moment's silence, then two or three found relief from the tension under which they had been laboring in short nervous laughs. Mr. Bailey threw up his hands in that well-known gesture of his, palms upward, and uttered a groan of relief. He became strangely excited and asked me many questions as to how I had arrived at my reading of the part. Mr. Bailey was always helpful. I had received

many useful hints from him in the past, and even now at his suggestion I consented to alter somewhat my original conception, in order, as he said, to bring my part more within the range of the understanding of the general public. Mr. Bailey (though not perhaps the best judge of acting, having often made gigantic mistakes in the assignment of parts in some of his productions in which I appeared) knew the public, and I bowed to his judgment.

Can I ever forget that first performance? Not though I live to be so old as to admit being over forty. When I had delivered my lines the audience sat spell-bound, breathless silent—for many minutes they sat there while Mrs. Winters delivered the long monologue that followed. Still silent, they saw her throw herself upon the couch in

an agony of tears, burying her face in her hands, and then—and not until then, the long pent emotions of that

vast audience found vent, and the burst of applause that nearly rent the roof showed me that the public—the dear public that I love so well—appreciated and understood my work!

J. W. Merrill.

#### AT THE FLOOD.

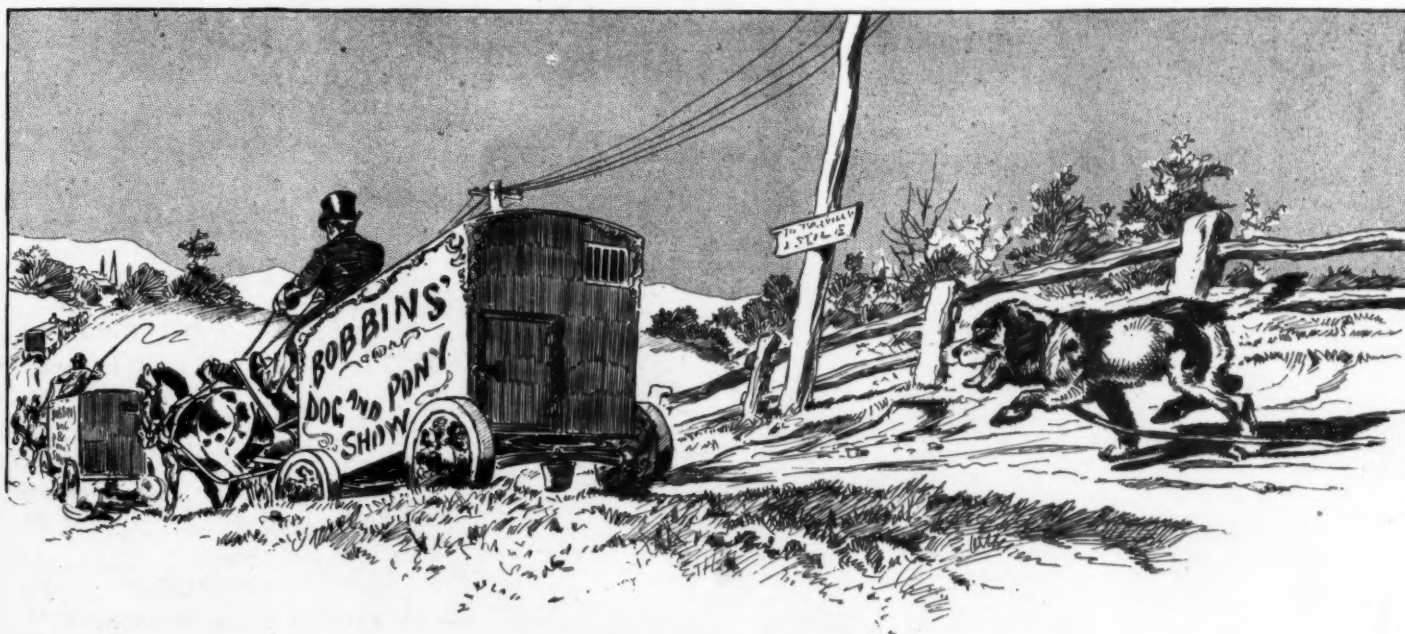
HEARING of a rising river at the headwaters of the Euphrates, with a falling barometer and indications of a flood stage in the valley, the Pileocanthropus changed his mind and frankly admitted it to Noah. His manner was that of a chastened and softened person.

"You monkeyed too long," said the Patriarch. "We gave you a chance to come in with us, and you wouldn't take it. Now we have arranged for all the stock we care about trying to float."

The general liquidation which followed had the usual effect upon all but the insiders.



HIS FIRST SHORT PANTS.



STAGESTRUCK.

# The Raven. by Edgar Allan Poe.



UPON a midnight dreary  
A young professor lay  
A-thinking of his sweetheart  
Who was so far away.  
When in there flew a raven  
And said to him with ease,  
"I will answer any questions,  
About anything you please.  
But when the young professor  
Asked, "What about Lenore?"  
The raven simply winked at him  
And answered, "Nevermore."

CHORUS.  
Nevermore, oh nevermore.  
He will never see Lenora any more.  
As a prophet I have heard  
That the raven is a bird,  
And he'll never see Lenora any more.

But soon that young professor  
So very angry grew,  
He shouted at the raven  
"It's twenty-three for you!"  
But calmly then the raven  
Did open up its beak  
And said to the professor,  
"I guess I'll spend a week."  
It stayed a month and over,  
It stayed until next May.  
All summer then, they tell me, and  
It's living there to-day.

CHORUS.  
Nevermore, oh nevermore.  
He will never shake that raven any more.  
It is boarding with him still,  
For it never jumps its bill,  
So he'll never shake that raven any more.  
P. L. Allen.



## SONGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Formerly the poets of America did not give the attention they should to song writing."  
— Popular Song Publisher's Circular.

### PHILANTHROPY.

"No," said the Bishop of Oklahoma, a wise and broad man who had seen much and suffered much. "I make it a rule to perform marriage ceremonies free. I have no desire to profit by other people's mistakes."

### CONSOLATION.

STOUT CUSTOMER (*in the chair*).— Confound your blundering clumsiness! You have cut my chin!

BARBER (*soothingly*).— Don' git agitated, sah; don' git agitated! Yo'-all's got two mo' chins dat I ain't cut none yit, sah.

### THE MATERIAL.

LITTLE IKEY.— Fader, vat do people feather deir nests mit?

OLD SWINDLEBAUM.— Mit cash down, mein sohn.

### EXAGGERATED.

PARKAVE.— I hear Miss Tiptoes made her first appearance in "1492."

FRONTROWE.— You surely misunderstood the date. Must have been 1592.

### EVER HEAR 'EM SAY IT?

JERSEY COMMUTER (*crossing West St. slush*).— Wasn't the snow glorious in the country this morning?

HIS NEIGHBOR.— Great, by Jove! If we could only stay out there and enjoy it!

### THEY BOTH WENT.

FIRST MOTHER (*reading letter from son at college*).— Henry's letters always send me to the dictionary.

SECOND MOTHER (*resignedly*).— That's nothing; Jack's always send me to the bank.

### DURING THE TIFF.

MRS. HOULIHAN (*sobbing*).— I never saw ye till th' day before me unforchnit marriage!

MR. HOULIHAN.— An' I often wisht ye hadn't seen me till th' day afther!

### A DEFINITION.

"PAW," asked a Kansas lad, wrinkling his brow, "what's a pessimist?"  
"A pessimist, John J.," replied his father, "is a man who, after a cyclone has blown his house away with him in it, goes back and grumbles at his lot."

### ENDORSED.

"You are reading Shakespeare?"  
"Why, yes! Mamilton Wright Habie speaks very highly of him."







#### HIGHEST FINANCE.

MISS TESSIE RECTOR.—  
Ain't it fierce the way the  
price of everything has  
gone up!

MISS TRIXIE SHANLEY.—  
Fierce! It's the limit! Why,  
out of my eighteen per I have  
to pay fifty just for livin' ex-  
penses. I can hardly save a  
cent.



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REVISED.

"We hear," began the reporter, "that you are to marry Blobb, the billionaire. Won't you give us the details?"

"Sure," replied the obliging actress. "I like these things to be exact. Get out your note-book. I do not know Blobb, but I have heard of him, and understand he has a wife. I am myself happily married. I do not believe in divorce or bigamy. I would not, if free, marry a divorced man. I would not marry Blobb if we were both free and he the last man on earth." — *Philadelphia Ledger*.

# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

THE BEGINNING OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Then you really don't believe that a man is ever too old to learn?"

"Certainly not. I've known men to get married at the age of seventy-five or more." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

TOO SERIOUS.

"Aren't you going to include Mr. Peddant in your traveling party?"

"No," answered the indolent person. "He is one of those people whose idea of a good time is to try to learn the guide-book by heart." — *Washington Star*.

A BAR TO FAITH.

"Pa," complained the boy, "so long as I go to the same school with Tommy Tuff I can't be a Christian Scientist."

"What?" cried the pillar of the new church; "why can't you?"

"'Cause it's hard to believe that a punch in the jaw is all my imagination." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails — all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

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London, England.

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

REFORM.

Hope of reform springs high in all nations,  
And still the philosophers sob —  
Too many plans and specifications  
And too many bossing the job!  
— *Washington Star*

It does seem as if by this time the butchers ought to have heard the news from the stockyards. — *Indianapolis News*.



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#### DEA EX MAGAZINA.

We all of us know her—who doesn't?  
Let him rise and deny it who can.  
The expression is perfect. Oh, wasn't  
Our Artist a wonderful man?  
(Observe the chaste line of her bodice),  
We have all of us seen her before,  
She's the wonderful Christy-an Goddess  
That magazine readers adore!  
—*Harvard Lampoon.*

#### THE SOURCE LOCATED.

"That speech," said the vociferous  
statesman, "came from the bottom of  
my heart."  
"Indeed!" rejoined the critical  
friend. "It sounded to me as if it  
came entirely from the top of the  
larynx."—*Washington Star.*

#### QUEER.

"Funny thing about a man's tongue,"  
said Joakley.  
"Go ahead," said Markley, "let's  
have it."  
"When it's thick the excuses he  
makes to his wife are too thin."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

#### MITIGATION.

After a chase of many thousand  
miles the embezzler had been caught.  
"At least I can say," he remarked  
cheerfully, "that I gave the people a  
run for their money."—*Phila. Ledger.*

THE more of those reports that come  
in showing the banks have large sup-  
plies of cash the more the wayfaring  
man feels that the stringency is ac-  
counted for.—*Indianapolis News.*

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"I wish that young man would not take Ethel so far out."  
*By Gordon H. Grant.*

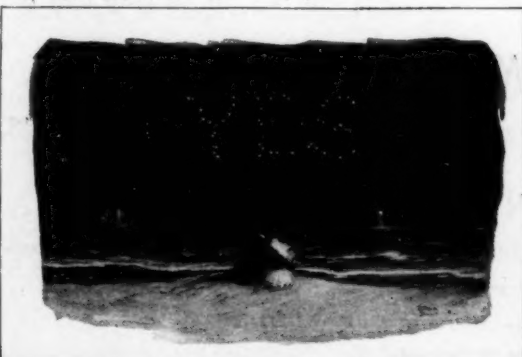
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As plain as day.  
You've merely to accomplish this:  
Be born that way.  
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

**INDUCEMENT.**

An effort was being made to get  
men to enlist in the army.  
"We can't promise you a raise of pay  
just yet," the recruiting officer acknowl-  
edged, "but we're endeavoring to have  
the women's clubs quit making molly-  
coddles of you."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



**UNDIVIDED AFFECTIONS.**

"Is Jimson selfish?"  
"Well, they say he has never given his ego cause for a  
moment's jealousy."

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tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in sweetened water  
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**TOO MUCH FOR HIM.**

"Your father is in politics," said the  
stranger, "is he not?"  
"Yeh," replied the boy; "but mom  
thinks he's gittin' cured of it."  
"How do you mean?"  
"Why, his stummick has gone back  
on him an' he can't drink like he useter."  
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

**PUT ALL HIS MONEY IN IT.**

REDD.—I see Browne's got an auto-  
mobile.  
GREENE.—Yes; his rich uncle gave  
it to him.  
"Why, he told me he put all the  
money he had into it."  
"So he did. He bought a dollar's  
worth of gasolene for it."—*Yonkers  
Statesman.*



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quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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haps, but never roar because they are "awfully  
funny."—*Boston Times.*

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#### INDUSTRY.

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BOWERY GENT.—Work? Gee, don't I work! Don't I stan' three hours on de bread line ev'ry night?

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

#### HANDICAPPED.

"Sir!" exclaimed the authoress of a nasty book, "I want you to understand that I'm a lady!"

"But," replied the offender with a puzzled look, "I've read the book, you know."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### NAVAL CONFLICT.

The rear admiral and the naval surgeon glared at each other.

"I suppose," said the old sea dog, with a sneer, "you'd like to have the 12-inch guns loaded with pills and the powder dissolved in a little water. You'd want to put a mustard plaster on the sides of a battleship and swab its decks with liniment."

At this moment there arrived ten conflicting orders from an equal number of bureaus, and in the ensuing confusion there was no time for reply.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

**ARMY AUCTION SALE BARGAINS.**—Large 280-page illus. 1907 Catalogue mailed, 15c. stamps. FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 301 Broadway, New York.

#### MAKING EXCUSES.

"Republics," said the disappointed statesman, "are ungrateful."

"Well," answered Farmer Corn-tossel, "it's so hard to tell a patriot from an office-seeker that I don't blame a republic for gettin' kind o' suspicious."—*Washington Star*.

#### SPECIAL ENOUGH.

"Do you believe in special providences?"

"Sure. When I was a boy the school I attended was struck by lightning one night and burned."

"Nothing special about that."

"Oh, but it was just the night before the circus came to town."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

A CHICAGO policeman who is contemplating matrimony says: "I want a woman who can cook, mend my clothes, who is of a good disposition, loving and kind, and who has a fairly good education." He must contemplate polygamy.—*Chicago Post*.

# 1786

Age Cannot Wither  
Nor Custom Stale  
The Infinite Delight  
Of Drinking **EVANS' ALE.**

# 1908

**AMERICAN GRAPES MAKE BEST CHAMPAGNE.**

Vines Cultivated for "Cooks Imperial" Proven Best.

American wine growers have been making strenuous efforts to outclass the foreigner in the production of fine grapes, and as usual, American skill has won.

This is notably evidenced in the preference of Cooks Imperial Champagne over all other brands. The grapes from which this sparkling Champagne is made have been cultivated in the same vineyards for fifty years, during which time the soil has been so carefully nurtured that the vines now yield fine luscious grapes of exceptionally rare quality and flavor.

Connoisseurs claim that the delicate bouquet and delicious flavor of Cooks Imperial Champagne is due to the extraordinary fine quality of the grapes used and the enormous sale of this celebrated American wine during the past year seems to bear this out. Of course there are no ship freight charges or import duties to be paid on this Champagne, and the discriminating American has been slow to patronize foreign brands and thus pay exorbitant charges for Champagne of less merit.

A Burlesque Historical Novel

## Monsieur d'en Brochette

By the Humorous Syndicate

**JOHN KENDRICK BANGS  
ARTHUR HAMILTON FOLWELL  
and BERT LESTON TAYLOR**

29 Full-page Illustrations by FRANK A. NANKIWELL

This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huevo Pasado Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Monsieur D'en Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

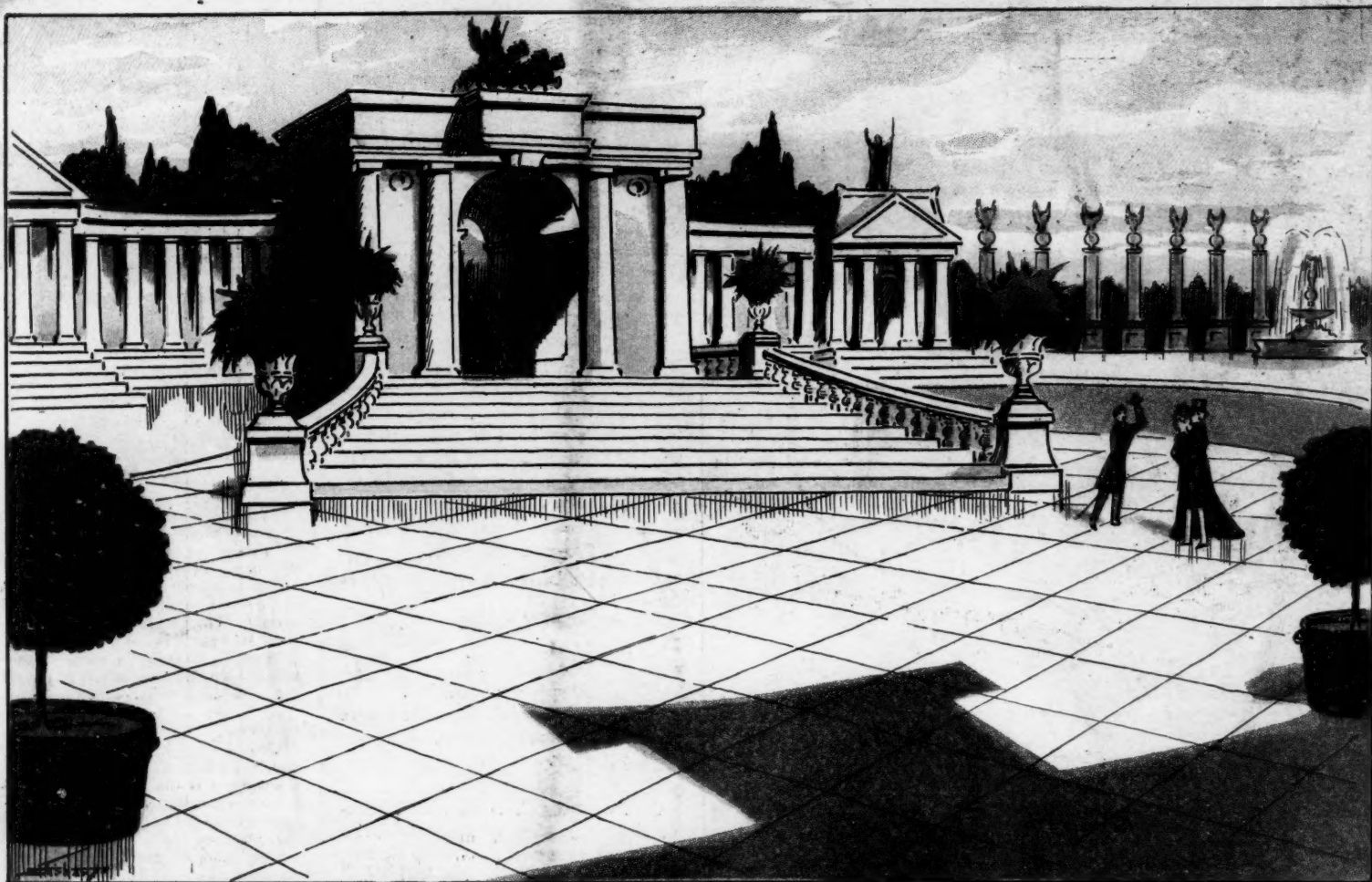
The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

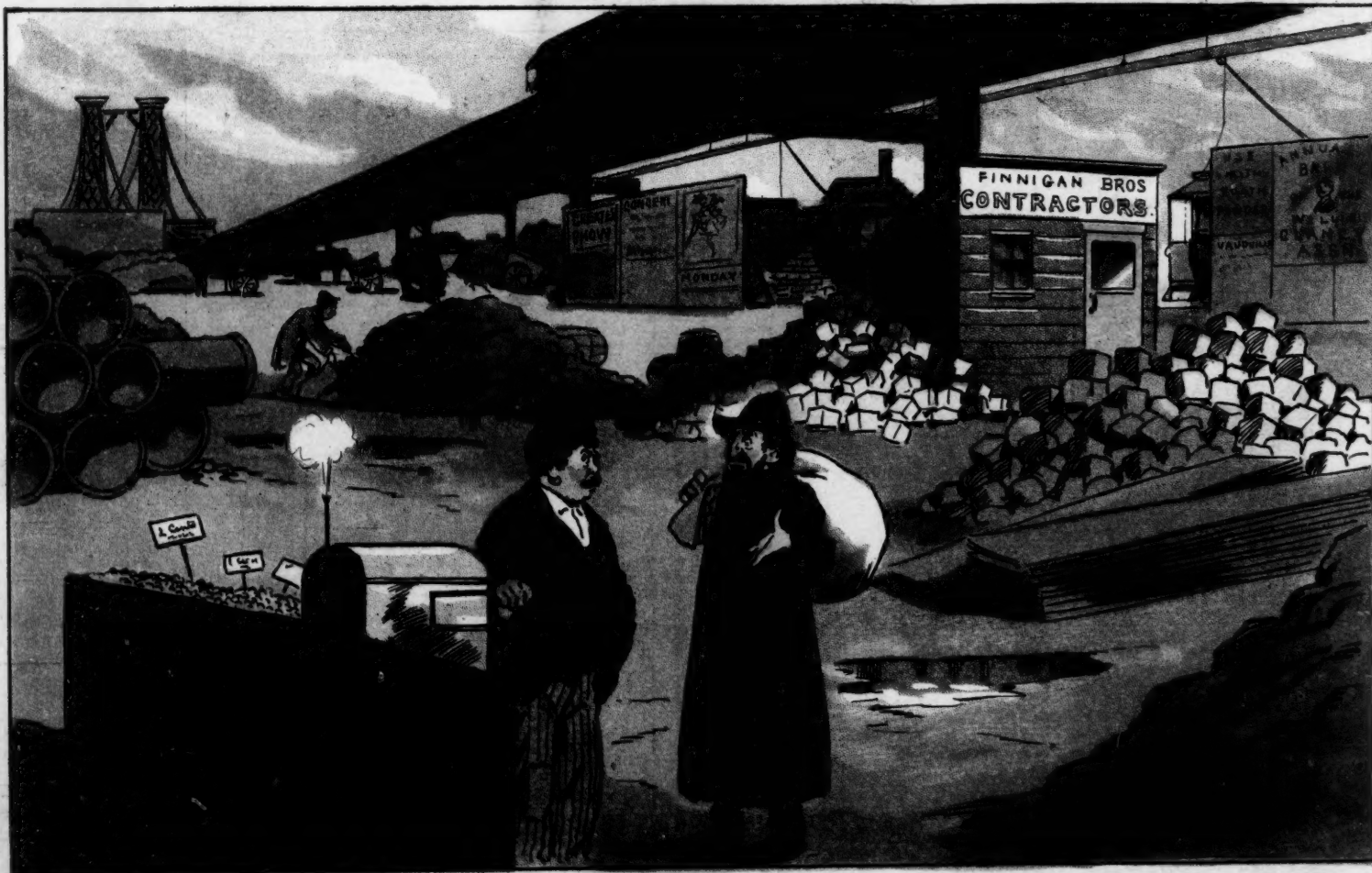
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